The Sketch

No. 2552—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

ANOTHER SON FOR T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT.

A second son and third child was born to T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT *on July 4, at Coppins, the house at Iver which was left to the Duke by his aunt, the late Princess Victoria. Congratulations poured in from all parts of the empire when the news was known. The Duke had special leave from the R.A.F. and himself telephoned to inform the King and Queen and Queen Mary of the happy event. The new Prince's elder brother, Prince Edward, will be seven in October and little Princess Alexandra will be six in December.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

"Old and True." Oliver Cromwell has always been to Britons rather like the fruit (or vegetable, or berry—now, which is it ?) which his first name suggests. You either like your olive, or your Oliver, very much, or you dislike it intensely. The Oliver-fans are ardent enough in their admiration to have formed a Cromwell Association, which published last year a very interesting booklet of extracts from Cromwell's speeches. Verily history repeats itself, and some of these pronouncements are almost uncannily appropriate to the present time. I will quote only one, which needs no comment, from a speech delivered at Whitehall on September 17, 1656.

" When we 're all shoved into utility suits we 're going to look a pretty dull lot ! "
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Plus ça Change . . . " Now that which plainly seeks the destruction of the Being of these nations is out of doubt : the endeavour and design of all the common Enemies of them. All have agreed, that his design was the empire of the whole Christian World if not more ; and upon that ground he looks and hath looked at this Nation as his greatest obstacle. . . . Thus a State which you can neither have peace with nor reason from, that is the State with which you have enmity at this time, and against which you are engaged. Well, your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency : as truly, I think, it will not : for we are Englishmen. According as you shall find your spirits and reasons grounded in what hath been said, so let you and me join in the prosecution of this War. Give me leave to tell you, I do not believe that in any war that ever was in former times, nor in any engagements that you have had with other enemies, this Nation had more obligation upon it to look to itself, to forbear waste of time, precious time ! " Well said, Winston Cromwell !

The Great We Are. It may be a strange taste, but I prefer these homely tones to those of an ex-Cabinet Minister who uplifts morale and stimulates the war effort by such phrases as : " I am not at all sure that we are not the greatest people there has ever been on the earth." That is the kind of sentiment which is sincerely entertained by Chief Mumbo-Jumbo in the African jungle, and repeatedly expressed by pinchbeck potentates all over the world. Give me, for choice, Oliver's four simple words : " For we are Englishmen.". And I sometimes wish that more of us would remember that we are Englishmen with a past to vindicate and a present to rescue from deadly peril, and not nondescript denizens of an imaginary future.

Round the Corner. This everlasting futile peering into the future, when the present is so full of unsolved problems, is an unhealthy sign which seems to me perturbing. It takes various forms. The commonest is the " planning " which has become a kind of national epidemic, or pastime—according to the point of view—and which has reached really astonishing proportions. Scarcely a week passes but I receive, often from complete strangers, some new and elaborate programme for the settlement of world affairs and the regeneration of humanity. All these people assume that victory is just round the corner, and are scarcely interested in the means by which it is to be achieved. This sublime British self-confidence may be all very noble and heroic, but it is also very dangerous. If victory is round the corner, it seems wiser to get round the corner and take a look at the view than to sit down and explain how charming the scenery will be when you get there.

All-Star Cast. Another morbid form of future-peering is the present extraordinary craze for astrology. This ancient " science " is an outstanding example of a very common and very depressing phenomenon—an elaborate system of reasoning built on entirely false assumptions. There is no limit to that kind of misdirected ingenuity, and it has constantly bedevilled human intelligence. Those who have investigated the matter assure us that " predictions " sell in their millions, and that about four people in ten are affected, more or less seriously, by this mania. Most of them are ignorant and easily gullible, but many ought to know better. The astrologer's technique is comparatively simple. Like the racing tipster, he has grasped the principles that it is easy to fool some of the people all the time, and that one good guess will wipe out fifty bad ones. Also, of course, he has mastered the art of all prophets and oracles from the earliest times—the art of ambiguity, which, skilfully interpreted, makes you right heads-or-tails. I do not know (though I have my own opinion) whether most of our journalistic seers are cynics or cranks, but I am sure that they are menaces, and I agree with Mr. Tom Harrison when he says that " in the long run, it must be dangerous to the war effort that people should continually be lulled by complacency unrelated to reality." When an astrologer discovers something in the stars which is not of the lulling kind, I shall begin to believe in his sincerity, even if it is only misguided sincerity.

Stitches in Time. Let us, however, come down to earth—a place where, since an unfortunate incident in a garden some time ago, it is ordained that we must wear clothes. Now, clothes, like most other sublunary things, are subject not only to wear, but to tear, and it may be for that

" The dam' slugs got all mine last night ! "
DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

reason (perhaps with special reference to stocking-ladders) that this life has been described as a Vale of Tears. The Director of Civilian Clothing has been impressing on Englishwomen the principle that the proper thing to do with a wear or a tear is to mend it. Leaders of fashion in the United States, that paradise

of feminine adornment, are actually stating that the really smart women will be out-at-elbows, and are prescribing First Aid Classes for Clothes. Amid the manifold tasks now assigned to women, I applaud this timely recall to one of the first and oldest of "distaff" duties; but I regret that the emphasis should all be laid on frocks. There are also socks. There are shirts, and other masculine garments subject to this ubiquitous process of wear and tear. I trust these prosaic integuments will not be overlooked in this Back-to-the-Needle Movement. It is not quite clear to me how all this needlework is to be fitted in with Going To It, but then, we all know that a woman's work is never done.

Hands Across the Counter.

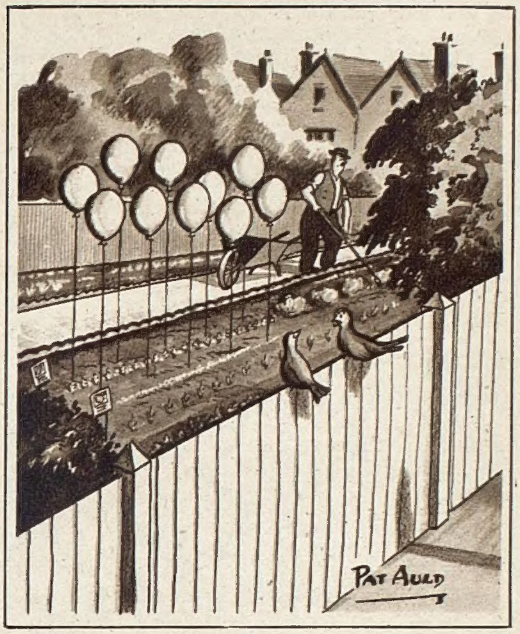
And I hope it will be remembered that the darning needle and the flat-iron are not mere instruments of domestic drudgery, for they have romantic possibilities which no woman worthy the name can afford to ignore. For example, the other day a handsome member of the United States Navy walked into a shop with a pair of trousers for pressing. The attractive Young Lady Behind the Counter asked: "May I have your name?" "Sure," said the Petty Officer instantly, "for keeps!" Within twenty-four hours they were man and wife. These sailors undoubtedly have a way with them. I suppose this was what is known as pressing one's suit: and, remembering "Man and Superman," I am not surprised that the pressing was done by the lady.

The Selfish Sex.

But nowadays, it seems, a man cannot ask a girl to be his bride—much less to darn his socks — without incurring that ancient reproach of "selfishness." I observe that a speaker at the Conference of Women Civil Servants has been deploring the reluctance of the Civil Service to utilise the woman-power of the country. This, I grieve to learn, "is due, to a great extent, to man's inherent selfishness, for which loving but ignorant wives or mothers are largely responsible." It is very difficult for us brutes of men to do right; if we don't marry, we are selfish bachelors; and if we do marry, we are selfish husbands who are depriving the country of woman-power. There is another form of selfishness—not, however, confined to one sex—which is coming in for a good deal of criticism. If I dwell on it, it is, I dare say, because my conscience is a little uneasy about it.

Money to Burn.

I allude—not for the first time—to tobacco. The War on the Weed goes on, conducted vigorously by non-smokers. I have just been reading a polemic on this subject which would have given pleasure to King James I., one of the earliest and liveliest controversialists in this field. I learn that we now import 100,000 tons of tobacco a year—more than before the war—and spend 340 million pounds in smoking it. In the process, we use a million square feet of tissue paper, the same quantity of "silver" paper, and a million and a half square feet of cardboard. How, asks this enemy of nicotine, can this be justified in time of war? Especially when—and here he appeals to medical testimony—the only result is to reduce mental efficiency, especially "perception and association," by anything from 10 to 23 per cent.? I wish I knew the answer to these questions. I cannot contradict anybody who tells me that it is not the act of a rational creature to spend sums of money on drawing smoke into the mouth for the sake of blowing it out again. But then, O stern moralist, life is not entirely a rational affair, and I think it would be rather dull if it were. To live entirely by reason would be like living on a balanced diet—a dreadful fate to happen to anybody.



"H'm — so they've strengthened their defences, eh?"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

"Nice to get into civvies again!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

The Earth is the Lord's.

If tobacco is coming under censure, there are other plants which seem to be gaining in esteem. The old-fashioned herb is coming into its own. Herb-collecting centres are being formed, the Ministry of Health gives its blessing, and I am assured that in many botanical and pathological laboratories scientists are devoting intensive and expensive research to discovering what homeopathists and herbalists knew long ago. I have always suspected that there was more in the ancient art of the herbalist than orthodoxy would allow, and that Friar Laurence was right when he said:

"O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give."

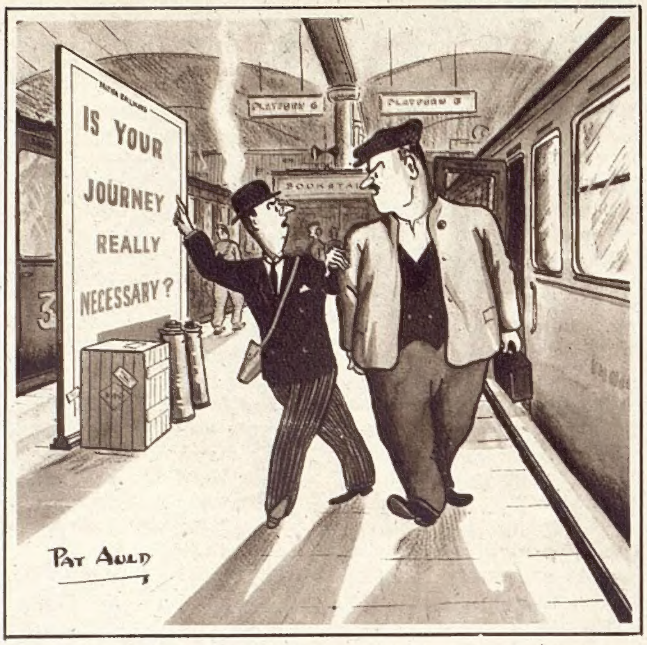
In this herb revival is to be seen a common phenomenon of medicine—*i.e.*, that "quackery" becomes "science," as soon as the Faculty, having realised that there is more in it than it [*Continued overleaf.*

Continued.)

understood, makes it respectable. Perhaps some day, encouraged by the Ministry of Health, we shall return to the times when everybody cultivated his own "physick garden." It would certainly be a saving in fees if, when one was feeling off-colour, one could just go into the garden and eat a herb or two—as well, of course, as worms.

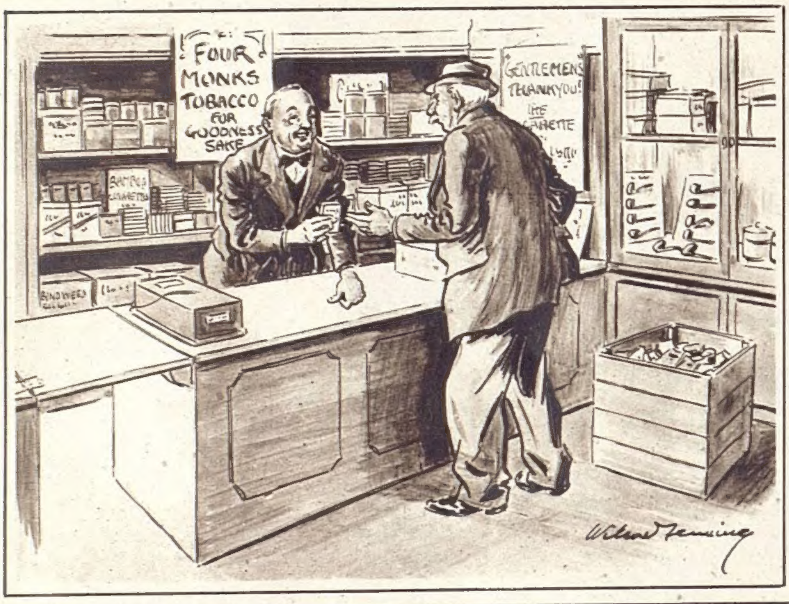
Scrambled Eggs. Of all the triumphs of bureaucracy in this war, the egg is the most notorious. Up to the present time, the finance of egg-control has worked out thus: half a million pounds per year are spent in administration in order to provide one egg per week per head (or mouth). Every egg is subsidised to the extent of over 1½d. per egg, and the total cost of this subsidy per annum is £11,500,000. This is, of course, ultimately paid by the taxpayer, and the cost is reckoned at about 1½d. in the income tax. At first the amateur poultry-keeper was allowed a maximum of twelve hens; then, as the result of outcry, this was increased to 50, and now it is reduced to 25. But it will only be a very ingenious or industrious person who will be able to keep 25 hens, because, for every hen you must give up an egg-ration card and receive a "balancer" ration of chicken feed in return. Thus, in effect, you can keep only as many hens as there are members of your family possessing egg ration-cards, and for anything over that number you must extract egg-ration cards from your neighbours, in return for hypothetical eggs for future delivery. Possibly this is a subtle device to arrest the declining birth-rate, as it will now be a nice question whether to reduce the hens or increase the family. I wonder if any of the majestic intelligences of Whitehall have considered how this preposterous order is to be enforced? We shall soon get to a point where every egg is a potential crime, and as we crack the breakfast soft-boiled, we shall cry, with Claudius, "O, my offence is rank—it smells to heaven!"

"The De'il 's Awa' With the Excise Man." It is rarely that the long-suffering public has an opportunity of revenge upon the taxgatherer, but every now and then the worm will turn. This honour belongs to the municipal council of a Welsh watering-place, which harbours an army of evacuated income tax collectors. To the plea that they will starve unless provided with a British Restaurant, the Council callously replies that these "publicans and sinners" ought to be able to feed themselves in the numerous hotels and boarding-houses which they have requisitioned. A frontal attack by the Bloodsuckers has been met by a strong pincer movement by the City Fathers, and at last advices the taxgatherers are suffering heavy casualties—a thought which must give pain to one and all. For, of course, though theories have been advanced to the contrary, it is true that they are human and *can* suffer like ordinary men.



"I wouldn't know—I'm only the bloke wot drives the engine!"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.



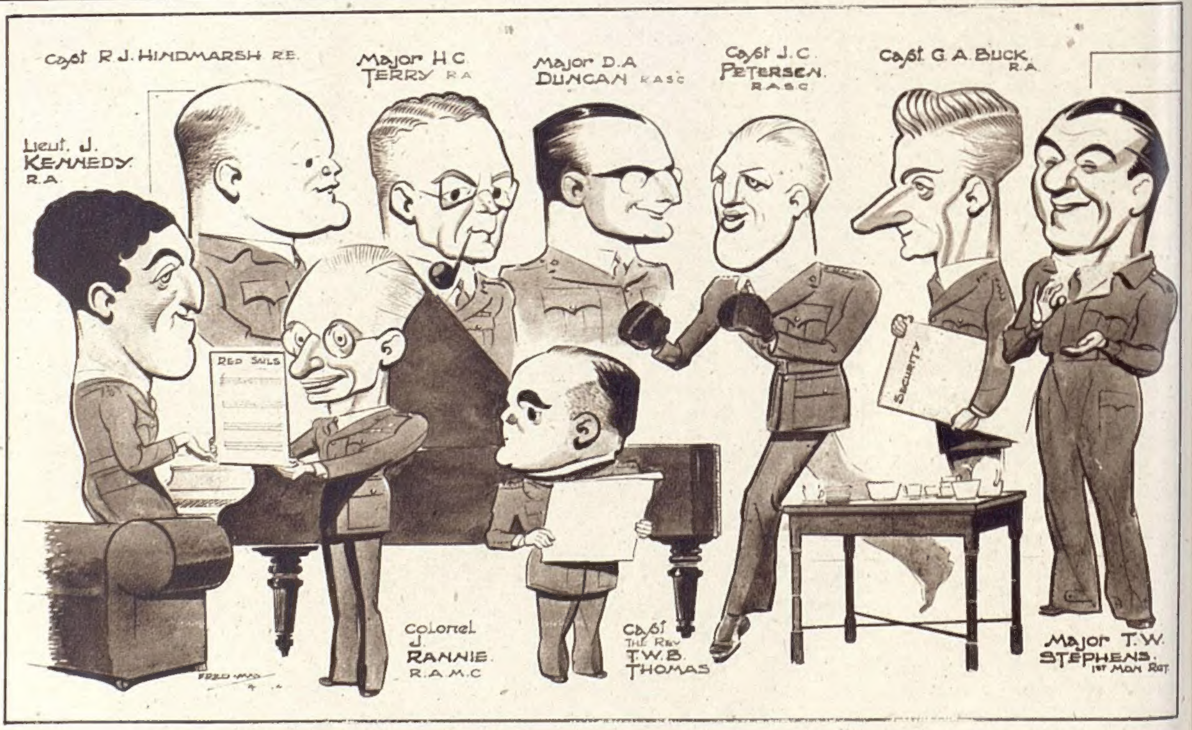
Chance Customer: "Found much difference in your cigarette sales?"
Tobacconist: "In a way. Customers who used to come in once a day for 'twenties' now come in twice a day for 'tens.'"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

WASTE-PAPER DRIVE

You wouldn't think that I.O.U.s
Could go to make a Mills bomb fuse;
You mightn't dream your *billets-doux*
Could have another cogent use.
But hand them to the Salvage Man,
With any paper that you can,
And you will do a lot, you see,
To help us on to Victory.

E. F. J. S.



On another visit to ANTI-AIRCRAFT DIVISIONAL H.Q., *our artist picked out two "well-knowns" among others on the staff—former boxing champ. Jack Petersen, and song-writer J. Kennedy.* (DRAWN BY FRED MAY.)

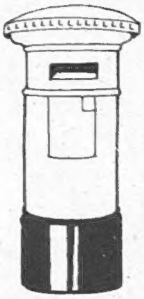
David Wright is serving with the Forces; so our 41st PLATE IN COLOUR *is by* ROWLES. *The Wright series will be shortly resumed.*

"QUITE RIGHT, DEAR.... THIS IS WHERE US FORTY-ONES REGISTER!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When the war started I decided that anything in the way of relaxation and fun would be wrong, and I spent all my spare time weeding. The result of all this well-doing was that the war became a little wheel which went round and round in my head, and Lady B. complained that I had got into the habit of frowning.

"What do you think about when you weed?" she said to me one day as she sat and watched me busy among the onions.

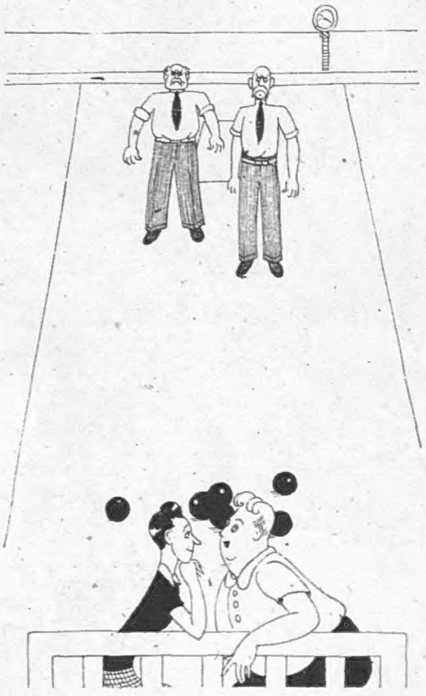
"Well, all down that row I worried about the Linnet, and all down this one I'm worrying about Bill, and for the first three rows I worried about Libya, and for the next two our shipping losses, and——"

"Stop!" said Lady B. "I am an old woman," she went on, "and nobody expects me to do more than knit, but I'd never take a knitting-needle in my hand again if I couldn't read at the same time and thus occupy my thoughts."

"I wonder if one could read and weed?" I said.

"Of course you couldn't," said Lady B. "But it's time you snapped out of all this gloom, Henrietta. I think you'd better enter for the Bowling Tournament."

"But I haven't played bowls since the war began."



"'I like your shirt, Henrietta.'"

"That doesn't matter. I shall enter, too," said Lady B. recklessly. "It will be unfortunate for our partners, but good for their self-control."

Lady B. and I entered for the Bowling Tournament. She drew the Admiral as her partner, and I drew Colonel Simpkins. Neither Colonel Simpkins nor the Admiral was pleased, but they generously decided to make the best of it. Lady B. and I were, of course, delighted when we found we had drawn each other in the first round as opponents.

"It's a pity we have to play with four woods instead of two," said Lady B., "but we can soon trundle them down, and then have a nice chat."

We trundled them down, and the people on the rinks on either side brought them back. The Admiral and Colonel Simpkins became rather red in the face, but said nothing.

"Now they've got the whole rink to themselves," said Lady B., settling herself comfortably on a seat. "I like your shirt, Henrietta. Where did you get it?"

"I made it out of some of Charles's old pyjamas. I used the legs for the sleeves."

"My dear, how brilliant of you! I often wonder why men wear out the seats of their pyjamas the way they do. The collar's good."

"I lined it."

"Just pull up your jersey and let me see the back. Yes, it's definitely a success. And the colour is delightful. Charles must have looked sweet in it."

"He did rather."

A shadow fell across our knees, and we looked up to see the Admiral standing before us. "Would it be too much to ask you ladies to pay a little attention to the game?" he said in a shaking voice.

"Well, Admiral darling," said Lady B., "our shots were so terribly bad they didn't really seem worth taking an interest in, if you know what I mean."

"And your partners' play is a matter of indifference to you?"

"Of *course* not," said Lady B., looking a little guilty. "But we feel we can leave it all to you and Colonel Simpkins."

The Admiral, who admires the Clinging Woman, was slightly mollified by this remark, as Lady B. intended he should be. "I suppose you wouldn't care to tell us from time to time which shot lies nearest the jack?" he said.

"But of course," said Lady B., and she turned her attention, for the first time, to the rink, where eight woods were clustered neatly round the little white jack. "It is your shot, Admiral dear, which is lying."

"On the contrary, it is Colonel Simpkins's," said the Admiral gloomily as he walked back to his place.

"I'm going to try very, very hard this time," said Lady B. to me in a low voice as she prepared for her next shot. Then she took a deep breath, shut her eyes, and sent her wood rolling down the green. It trundled gently along, curved round, and came to rest an inch from the jack. Lady B. turned pale and clutched my arm. "Henrietta! Look what I've done!" she said.

"Good shot!" yelled the Admiral.

"Oh, False Friend," I said bitterly, and sent down one of my usual ones.

"Twenty-five yards short," called Colonel Simpkins sadly.

Lady B., uplifted and inspired, made another brilliant shot which hit the jack and her wood was marked with a cross in white chalk.

"I don't think I ever felt so proud in my life," said Lady B., who had had triumphs in many European Embassies.

"Look at all the people watching," I said.

"'Would it be too much to ask you ladies to pay a little attention to the game?'"

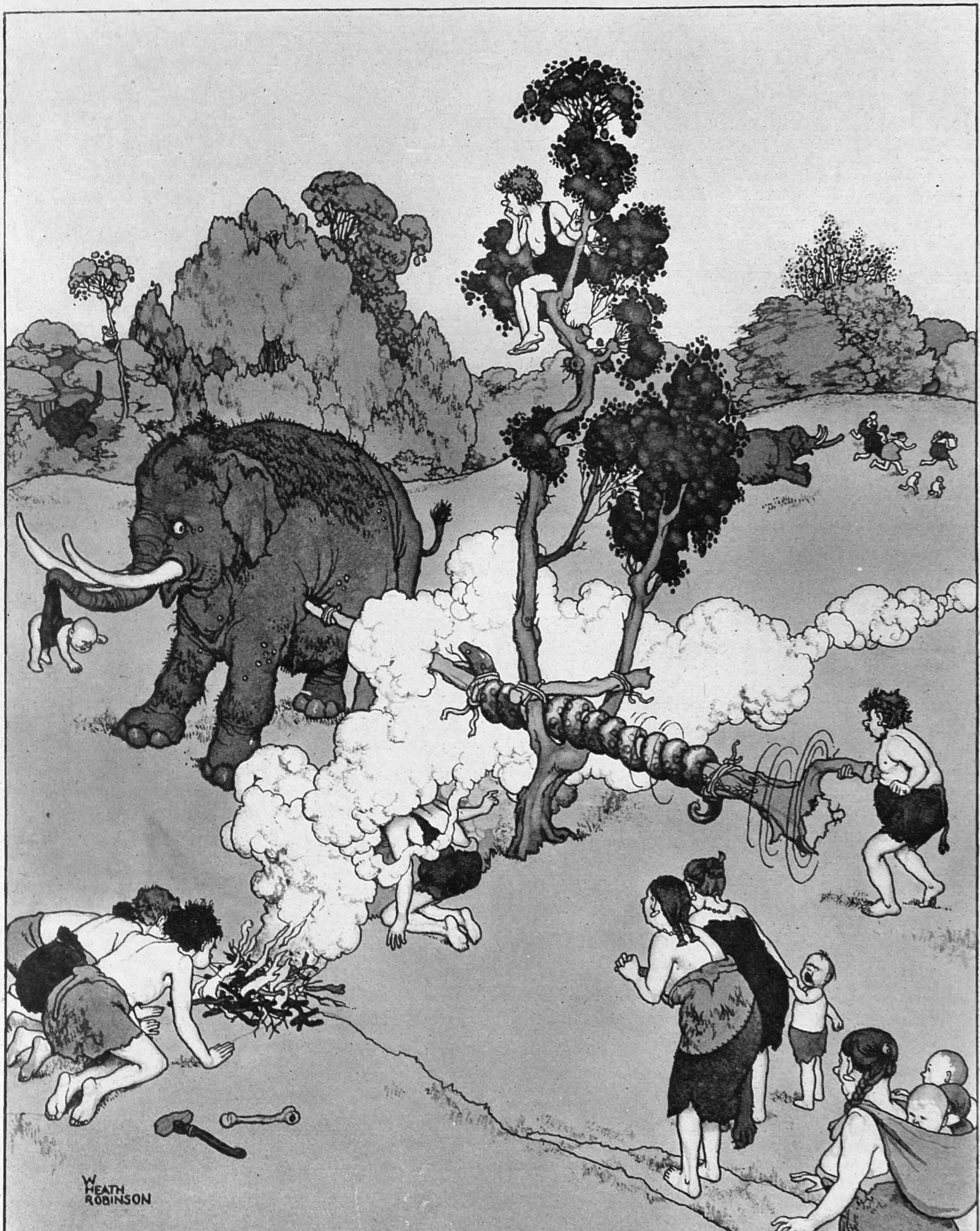
"Don't talk, please, Henrietta," said Lady B. in a remote way. "I want to concentrate."

Lady B. and the Admiral won the Bowling Tournament. I went up to see them play their finals. A large crowd had assembled to watch. Lady B. demanded perfect silence before she played each shot, and even asked a croquet player on a distant lawn not to make a clicking noise with the balls. Half-way through the game she had a brandy-and-soda brought out to her from the bar. Just before the end inspiration left her and she began playing in her old and, to me, more attractive style. But by that time she and the Admiral were so far ahead they couldn't lose.

"I'm glad I've lost the Touch," she said comfortably, coming to sit beside me. "Being good at games takes all the fun out of them. My dear, *do* look at Mrs. Whinebite's hat."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

". . . Sent her wood rolling down the green."



"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 4.

Mr. A. N. Other writes: "HOW DID MAN FIRST MAKE AND PERFECT THE SCREW?" *Our Resident Member takes nature in the antediluvian world to illustrate his thesis. Braced firmly against a helpful mammoth, the tree-trunk or other material is scored spirally into a screw-thread by a whirling python. Readers' questions are invited, for answer one at a time.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE advertisements tell us that we *must* see Robert Donat in his greatest film part, The Young Mr. Pitt. While not prepared to go as far as that, I suggest that it might be profitable.

"THE YOUNG MR. PITT" (New Gallery and Marble Arch) is one of our more graceful and intelligent productions. It was made by Carol Reed at Shepherd's Bush Studios, from a script by Lord Castlerosse and other hands. The whole film, with its Cecil Beaton costumes and Vetchinsky *décor*, looks rich and sumptuous. But then, that is what we expect of a satisfactory period film. It should look rich and sumptuous. Naturally, this effect is harder to maintain in wartime. But if our films are to compete with the best of Hollywood's, it has got to be maintained, and our producers know it. In this connection a special word of praise is due to Fred Young, the cameraman, whose expert lighting and brilliant photography do so much to make the most out of a modicum. Mr. Young, by the way, is now making films for the Army, giving glamour to such stars as tanks.

"The Young Mr. Pitt" is what is known as a timely film. Its historical background, with Napoleon sweeping his armies to the confines of Europe, massing for invasion across the Channel, closely parallels our own. Its speeches are singularly apt to the moment. The great scene in which Pitt, stigmatised by his colleagues in the House of Commons, is able to read out the message announcing Nelson's victory of the Nile, means more to a modern audience than a mere record of past achievement. It is a hopeful film, constantly reminding us of defeats turned into victories. It is a stirring film, not soft in any way—"England has saved herself by her own efforts, and may well save Europe by her example." It ends, as Pitt's life did, in the middle of the struggle, but the promise of a hard victory is implicit there.

An attempt to force a parallel between Pitt and Churchill is natural, but I don't think it adds much to the value of the picture. Pitt was an interesting enough figure on his own account, and Robert Donat seems to have given us the very essence of the man, a striking and individual portrait. Donat tells me that he knew very little about Pitt when he began the picture. He read several lives of the statesman, including, of course, Lord Macaulay's classic, and pushed them aside. He began making notes of his own. Gradually the character began to emerge. He liked the work he says, because it seemed to him "an intensely tragic story, a study of great single-mindedness and loneliness."

The film begins with Pitt as a young boy, taking port, as he was enjoined to do for his health, with his grim old father, the Earl of Chatham. Donat plays the father in this scene, a dry and ironic sketch that sets the key for the younger statesman's background. Across the Atlantic the British colonies in America have gained their independence. In France the peasants are furtively grinding knives out of ploughshares. In Corsica a couple named Bonaparte are registering the birth of their son, Napoleon.

The young Mr. Pitt grows up with politics in his blood, thanking his stars he was not born the elder son, with the House of Lords as his destination. At twenty-four he is made Prime Minister. "You are very young, Mr. Pitt" is the greeting he gets everywhere. Donat does manage to make him superbly young at this age, a slim, rather arrogant figure, in dark coat and knee-breeches, paradoxically putting away his accustomed bottles of port with the taste of a connoisseur and the ease of a veteran. As the years go by, and the political opposition of the brilliant Fox (Robert Morley) forces him again and again into self-defence, the arrogance turns into an echo of his father's grimness.

Pitt is nearly always alone, except for his friend Wilberforce (John Mills). A neat pictorial effort is contrived throughout the film by the contrast of this solitary figure, in his habitual dark clothes, with the more boldly-dressed groups of his rivals and acquaintances. Pitt never marries. He has a brief romance with a Miss Eleanor Eden (Phyllis Calvert), the daughter of the Ambassador at The Hague, but when the war with France threatens he breaks their engagement. "I have too much to do to marry just now," he says to Wilberforce. "There'll always be too much to do" is Wilberforce's answer. It is Donat's special talent that he suggests the hardening habits of the bachelor in all Pitt's later scenes. The film emphasises the lack of all personal intimacies, the great man's vagueness about the clothes he buys, the food he eats, and the domestic staff who serve him. His rooms in Downing Street are as bare as those of a hotel. A shrewd touch shows him stepping over the Downing Street cat as if he never noticed its existence.

The curious thing about this impersonal study of Donat's is that it is more sharply individual than most of his more intimate characterisations. Donat has always been a good and careful actor. Here, at moments, he is almost a fine one. It is certain that his reading of Pitt will remain for many the classic conception, just as for some of us there will never be any other Queen Victoria than Anna Neagle, no Disraeli but Arliss, no Queen Elizabeth but Flora Robson. Carol Reed's direction is mostly sensitive, without being exciting; there are happy moments, but its chief felicity lies in providing a smooth, tasteful background for the dominant part.

If you must see Dorothy Lamour in another sarong rôle, you can do so without pain in "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON" (Carlton). Miss Lamour appears this time as one Tama, who "Reared Self in Malay Jungle since Tot," according to the headlines. The parents of this Tama, and her village home, have been wiped out years ago by a rogue elephant, but it seems that they have prudently hidden in steel boxes in the jungle papers that will prove the Tot heiress to a fortune.

Accompanied by a lion-tamer (Richard Denning) and some others, Tama sets out to find the records. The lion-tamer is also jungle-reared—it's remarkable what a number of the best film people have grown up with monkeys—and proves invaluable to Tama in her work, besides being conveniently clad for swimming. Many, many happy hours they spend down there amongst the hibiscus, or whatever it may be, with Tama's pet tiger, and the Technicolor moon beaming. It is inevitable that love should come into their hearts at last, and that we should leave them there, prepared, presumably, to rear more Tots in Malay Jungle.

"Beyond the Blue Horizon" is not the most exciting of Miss Lamour's adventures. Only the rogue elephant really menaces tranquillity.

THE BEST THEATRES.

Starred by "The Sketch." ***=*highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazi family in the U.S.A.

*Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

*Comedy: "IT'S ABOUT TIME" Revue.

**Duchess: "LIFELINE." First-rate acting in play on the Merchant Navy. Wilfred Lawson, Frank Pettingell.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel, Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.

**Lyric: "THE LAND OF SMILES." Revival. Richard Tauber singing.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

Phœnix: "SKY HIGH" Revue. Hermiones Baddeley and Gingold; Walter Crisham; Naunton Wayne; Elizabeth Welch.

Piccadilly: "MACBETH." John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.

***St. James's: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*St. Martin's: "RAIN." Revival, with Wanda Rotha, G. H. Mulcaster.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

*Strand: "REBECCA." Revival. with Owen Nares.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

But she croons one song prettily—"A Full Moon and an Empty Heart"—and takes several dips in the inky-blue water, while the tall, blond Mr. Denning is not without his attractions too.

Also in Technicolor, and belonging to a world as remote and innocent as "Beyond the Blue Horizon," is "SONG OF THE ISLANDS," the new Betty Grable picture at the Odeon. The island involved belongs to the Hawaiian group, but it is the old, carefree Hawaii, the home of *leis* and steel guitars, where nobody has any special reason to remember Pearl Harbour; nobody, in fact, has any special reason to remember anything. Profound tranquillity enfolds the islands. Young men and maidens of dazzling beauty sun-tan on the beaches. Nobody tries to "direct" a beachcomber into industry. The air is full of music, and the natives simple, picturesque and kind.

"Mrs. Miniver" (Empire) is the screen edition of Jan Struthers' book, which ran serially in "The Times"—the story of a group of characteristic English middle-class people, before and during the war. The title-rôle is played by GREER GARSON *(left), while (l. to r.)* CLARE SANDERS *plays daughter Judy,* RICHARD NEY *is Vin,* CHRISTOPHER SEVERN *Toby, and* TERESA WRIGHT *Carol Beldon.*

"Uncensored" (Leicester Square Theatre) tells of the successful printing and distribution through Belgium of the secret newspaper "La Libre Belgique," in defiance of the Germans. Hitler's portrait replaces King Leopold's in the Town Hall when the Nazis enter Brussels.

Our heroine, Miss Grable, is a beachcomber's daughter, just returned from school in America. She lives with her Irish father (Thomas Mitchell) on the deep-water side of the island, weaving *leis* and dreaming, no doubt, in her quaint Irish way, of a fairy lover. One day a strange boat drifts up to the beach, and out of it steps Victor Mature, the blackavised hero of every blonde's desire. Although he is the son of a cattle-rancher, who wants to buy the beachcomber's strip of shore and build a pier there, Miss Grable loves him. Mr. Mature, naturally, loves Miss Grable. It is a perfect Technicolor match, one would have said, and there is little doubt that in time the rival fathers will see it too, and love will triumph. Since Jack Oakie steps out of the boat as well as Victor Mature, the film is not without its comedy. Mr. Oakie seems to grow younger and more boisterous with the years. Indeed, I am not at all sure that the serene atmosphere of life in an island paradise would prepare one adequately for the impact of his breezy personality. However, his liveliness is matched by the antics of a kind of Hawaiian Carmen Miranda, one Hilo Hattie, and when all the hubbub is over, there are still the *leis* and steel guitars.

There will obviously be an eager and nostalgic public for Chaplin's revised version of his "GOLD RUSH" (London Pavilion), which comfortingly reminds us that quite a lot happened that was worth while in art before the year before last.

The original "Gold Rush" happened a long while ago—in fact, in 1925. Mr. Chaplin, in his new version of the film, has arranged the old scenes with sound, a spoken commentary, and music of his own composition. He has also shortened the piece a good deal, partly, of course, by the removal of subtitles, and partly by some judicious editing. The "Gold Rush" that now emerges is a quaint, witty, and oddly charming picture. A quality that was always inherent in Chaplin's work—a gentle melancholy—seems now to be more marked than ever. The musical accompaniment has a soothing lilt, is singularly gentle to the modern ear. Chaplin, in his narrative, adopts a disarming air of detachment. He consistently refers to his image on the screen as "the little fellow." The whole treatment is reminiscent, affectionately pitying, almost the attitude of one who turns over the pages of a family album.

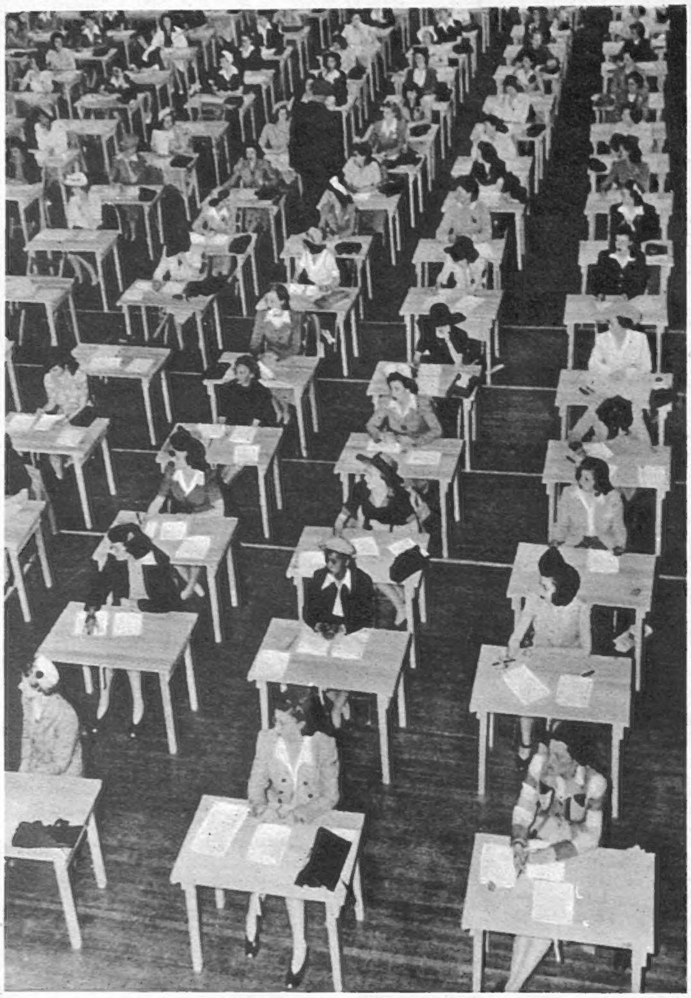
After the rowdy comedies we have had on the screen of late, even the old slapstick seems mild and almost gracious. Knockabout, of course, has its place here and there, and such devices as the scene in which the cabin rocks backwards and forwards on the edge of the cliff are not unfamiliar to the new generation of filmgoers. Yet, on the whole, the comedy is on the temperate side. Laughter is never very far away from tears.

"The Gold Rush" may not be the latest thing in screen technique, but it is a very real pleasure that Chaplin has revived for us here a reminder that "The Gold Rush" is probably Chaplin's finest film, and Chaplin almost certainly the screen's finest artist.

The Gestapo agent asks André (ERIC PORTMAN), *"Did a man in a white coat pass this way?" But André has flung off the white coat and simulates romance with a sympathiser, Julie* (PHYLLIS CALVERT), *to throw the Nazi off the scent.*

THIS DELIGHTFUL PICTURE BY DAVID WRIGHT *will be given as our forty-second plate in colour in our next issue, dated July 29. We are glad to be able to inform our readers that we have just received a splendid new consignment of David Wrights, and that this engaging example of his work is the first of a fresh series by this popular artist. David Wright girls have set themselves a high standard, and we can promise our readers that the newest ones not only live up to it, but even surpass it!*

ROYAL CHRISTENING, NEW V.C., U.S. THE HAPPIER SIDE OF WARTIME



These American girls are sitting for an exam. in the hopes of becoming officers in the U.S. Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. A bill to permit the Corps' formation was passed in May.

The marriage of MAJOR LORD CULLEN OF ASHBOURNE *to* MISS VALERIE COLLBRAN, *only daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Collbran and Mrs. Collbran, took place at Coleman's Hatch Church, Sussex.*

Right: COMMANDER ANTHONY CECIL CAPEL MIERS, D.S.O., *has been awarded the V.C. for valour in command of H.M. Submarine "Torbay" in a daring and successful raid on shipping in a defended enemy harbour.*

GENERAL EISENHOWER, *whose promotion to the rank of Lieut.-General has been announced, Commander of the U.S. Forces in Europe, attended the opening, by Mr. Winant, of the Washington Club for U.S. forces in London.*

Members of the W.A.A.F. *learn to pack and adjust life-saving rubber dinghies. They are shown what happens when air crews have to make forced landings on water, and must get the dinghy into operation.*

GENERAL AND WEDDING NEWS: LIFE IN PICTURED FORM.

... MICHAEL BALCON, *wife of the ...sh film producer, is a Red Cross ...termaster. She arranged to broad-... to the women of South Africa on July 10.*

MISS ELIZABETH JARDINE, *daughter of Major-General Sir Colin Jardine, Bt., C.B., is engaged to Flying Officer John E. Sharpley, R.A.F.V.R., son of Dr. C. W. Sharpley.*

PRINCESS IRENE, *daughter of the* CROWN PRINCE *and* PRINCESS OF GREECE, *was christened in South Africa.* GENERAL SMUTS *holds the baby, and the group includes the parents, Prince Radziwill, Prince George of Greece, Princess Katherine, Mrs. Smuts, Baby Prince Constantine and Princess Sophie.*

The marriage of 2ND LIEUT. E. L. BAILLIEU, R.A., *son of Sir Clive Baillieu, K.B.E., and Lady Baillieu, to* MISS BETTY-ANNE JARDINE TAYLOR, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Taylor, took place at Windlesham Parish Church.*

MISS BELINDA BLEW-JONES, *daughter of Major Douglas Blew-Jones, is engaged to Mr. John Henry Wiggin, Grenadier Guards.*

MISS NADINE PILCHER, *daughter of Vice-Admiral C. H. Pilcher, D.S.O., is engaged to Captain Sir Arundell Neave, Bt.*

The marriage of MR. T. S. LEWIS, *Coldstream Guards, son of Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Lewis, to* MISS LUCIA ANNE FITZROY, *eldest daughter of Commander and Mrs. J. M. FitzRoy, took place at the Guards' Chapel.*

ENSIGN FRANCIS E. PINTER, *U.S. Navy, rescued sixteen persons from a raft in the Pacific.* CAROLE LANDIS *drew him for her evening's partner.*

LIEUT. THOMAS WILSON BOYD, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., *a Commando hero, toasted Victory with* PATRICIA MORRISON, *who picked his name out of the hat.*

CHIEF ENGINE-ROOM ARTIFICER HARRY HOWARD, D.S.O., R.N., *a hero of the St. Nazaire Commando raid, had for his "date" pretty* MARY BETH HUGHES.

Stars dip into the bowl for a hero's name for the evening's partnership. (L. to r.) VIRGINIA O'BRIEN, DOROTHY LAMOUR, RUTH HUSSEY, ANN SOTHERN, JEAN ROGERS, PATRICIA MORRISON, LYNN CARVER *and* CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

LIEUT. J. MICHAEL HALL, *Lancashire Fusiliers, attached No. 3 Commando, has a star on each side*—ANN RUTHERFORD *(left) and* DOROTHY LAMOUR. CAROLE LANDIS *and* ENSIGN PINTER *on the right together.*

DOROTHY LAMOUR *gives* LIEUT. ELLIOT VANDE-VANTER, U.S. *Air Force, a piano solo. He scored hits on enemy warships and was awarded a British Decoration, the D.F.C.*

PILOT OFFICER A. F. TAYLOR, D.F.C., *took part in the raids on Rostock and Luebeck. He was drawn by* VIRGINIA O'BRIEN. *Behind is* COL. N. R. COOPER, *Public Relations Officer of the U.S. Army Air Force.*

FLIGHT SERGEANT M. A. D. RIDDELL, R.A.F., *found that his lucky star was in the ascendant, for charming* ANN SOTHERN *was his companion for the evening.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

OUR HEROES, for being drawn as "dates" by Hollywood stars at a party.

OUR ten Commando representatives of the British Forces visiting the United States had the grandest welcome possible in that hospitable country. With five members of the U.S.A. Forces, they took part in two huge parades in New York (giving a brief account of their experiences at a mass meeting in Madison Square Gardens), and later left to tour American cities to stimulate the sale of War Bonds. A visit to Hollywood was of course included, and the film city took the opportunity of going all out to entertain them, especially on the evening when these pictures were taken, when their names were put in a bowl and selected stars drew them for partners. Several members of the party took part in the St. Nazaire raid.

PROBLEM PORTRAIT—WHO IS IT?

What well-known actress is represented here? The portrait might aptly be described in the classic Victorian phrase " Very different from the life of our Dear Queen." Take this as a hint, and you 're there, for it 's ANNA NEAGLE, *who played lead in the film " Victoria the Great." The picture is a first-prize winner in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' second annual Still Photography exhibition for action productions stills in a studio, and is by Alexander P. Kahle, from R.K.O. Radio's " Sunny."*

MISS DOREEN ARDEN *and* MISS INGRID PUXON.

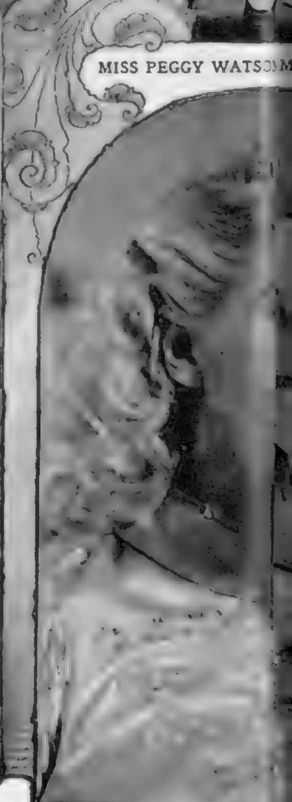
MISS KATHERINE SHEPPARD *and* MISS HERMIONE MOIR.

MISS GOLA JAMES.

MISS PEGGY WATSON

MISS BETTY MARTIN.

Left: MISS CYNTHIA CLIFFORD.



BEAUTY IN "FULL SWING"—MEET THE CHORUS.

N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.

MISS RUTH NIXON.

MISS JUNE SHIRLEY.

MISS JOAN GRANT.

ISS ICE CROWTHER.

MISS MARY BARTON.

Right: MISS BETTY GRIFFITHS.

TULLY.

"FULL SWING," *the new musical show at the Palace Theatre, has Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert as its principal attractions, but everyone is talking about the exceptional beauty of the girls of the chorus, and of the charm and grace of the dresses they wear—designed and finished before clothes rationing came on! Gola James has been with Jack Hulbert for three years. She's married to the stage manager of "Full Swing," and is seen in her dress for the "Letter Ballet." Betty Martin's first show was "Hide and Seek." In "Full Swing" she understudies Gabrielle Brune, who sings and dances in the show. Ruth Nixon is a ballet dancer who lived and worked abroad before the war. Mary Barton means to be a straight actress. She has worked with the Windsor Repertory Company, and been in films. Peggy Watson is the wife of an R.A.F. officer. June Shirley is nineteen, and has been on the stage five years! Betty Griffiths made her début in panto. at the age of twelve. Ingrid Puxon has done six months work with E.N.S.A., and this is her first London appearance. At the age of eleven, Cynthia Clifford danced at a Command Performance before the King and Queen. Joan Grant has been in the show business since she was fourteen, now she's twenty.*

CHINESE WOMEN AT WAR— AS SOLDIERS, PARTISANS AND SCIENTISTS.

A Chinese "Ack-Ack" girl operating a mobile searchlight. Most of these women were formerly university students.

China's tough women guerillas, or partisans, who harry the Japanese behind the lines.

Carrying on the essential industries of their country: Chinese girls at old-fashioned looms in a textile co-operative organisation.

Two young bacteriologists in the laboratories of one of China's universities in exile in Western China.

Students from Yenching University, formerly located in Canton, and now established at Chungking, training as nurses.

CHINA has just entered on the sixth year of her national struggle against Japan. The Chinese are the first of the free peoples to resist the aggressors, and their survival in face of terrific odds in tanks, guns, and 'planes is due to the spirit of the people, inspired by their leader, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Women's part in the war of resistance is immense. They fight with the men; band themselves together in guerilla or partisan companies to harry the Japanese behind the lines, and carry on the industries of their country in the small co-operative organisations dispersed in the interior. University students from Yenching made a forced trek into the interior, to establish new headquarters.

Equipped for war, and ready and able to fight beside the men: A Chinese woman soldier.

THE MARRIAGE OF BARBARA HUTTON AND CARY GRANT.

The former MISS BARBARA HUTTON, *who inherited between five and seven million pounds of the Woolworth fortune, has just married the screen-star* MR. CARY GRANT *at Lake Arrowhead, California. He is her third husband. She has a six-year-old son by her second marriage to Count Haugwitz-Reventlow. Mr. Grant's first marriage, to Miss Virginia Cherrill, was dissolved in 1935. He was born in Bristol, and is now an American citizen. He is at present starring on a new production with Ginger Rogers. He has stated he will volunteer for service with the U.S. armed forces.*

PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING; FILM STILLS BY COLUMBIA AND RADIO PICTURES.

DAREDEVIL U.S. AIRMAN: "A YANK 'IN DUTCH.'"

Anita (JOAN BENNETT), Chris Reynolds (FRANCHOT TONE), and Countess Oldenburg (CECIL CUNNINGHAM) arrive at the airport in Major Zellfritz's car and convince the Nazi sentry that they are "all right."

Shot down in Holland, the daredevil Christopher Reynolds succeeds in evading capture by masquerading as Hendrik Woverman.

The Woverman family are Dutch, but cannot avoid having a German officer, Major Zellfritz (ALLYN JOSLYN) quartered on them. Anita Thomas (LLOYD CORRIGAN) and Mrs. Woverman (BARBARA BROWN) watch their "guests."

Anita's real husband, Hendrik, is in a lunatic asylum, but in the Divorce Court she allows the English airman, Chris Reynolds, to impersonate him. He makes a lark of the whole case.

The pompous German Major Zellfritz (ALLYN JOSLYN) is easily bamboozled by brilliant Anita, who finds out important military secrets from him.

"A YANK 'IN DUTCH'," new Columbia picture due at the Regal on July 12, is the story of a daredevil United States pilot, serving with the R.A.F. He is shot down over Holland, but manages to find sanctuary with the Woverman family, where he masquerades as Hendrik, who is in a lunatic asylum, and even takes his place during the divorce proceedings brought by the lovely Anita Woverman. Anita gets military secrets out of the Nazi Major Zellfritz, and after incredible adventures she and Chris get away to England with the plans and Countess Oldenburg. The film synopsis officially points out that the resemblance of any characters to Nazi military figures is done with premeditation and malice aforethought!

Anita successfully divorces her husband, Hendrik, and leaves the Wovermans' house to take charge of a home for old ladies. She is with Countess Oldenburg.

"THE OLD NORMAN CASTLE" OF "FINE AND DANDY."

"The Old Norman Castle," by Annette Mills, is one of the song-hits of "Fine and Dandy," at the Saville Theatre. These are the words, and this is DOUGLAS BYNG *singing them.*

I'm a stately home of England
With a fine historic past,
Who, in spite of her foundations,
Has been slipping rather fast.
For every man who's lived with me
Since ancient days of chivalry
Has treated me so shabbily,
I'm crumbling at last.

I'm an old Norman Castle
Who has stood for years and years.
I was built by Roger Baron Fleur-de-Lys.
He was nice, was old Sir Roger,
But his wife took in a lodger
Who altered all my doors to fit his keys.
I was very nearly ruined in 1354.
The gay Sir Guy Plantagenet, returning from a war,
Gave me lots of little bastions
Which I'd never had before.
Oh! it's not all beer and boar's head
Being a Castle.

I'm an old Norman Castle,
But in 1898
I was rented by a tenant far from kind.
His head groom made a rockery
Of broken bedroom crockery,
And left me all Victorian behind.
Then later came a millionaire
Who tried to have me shipped
Across to New York City,
And redecorate my crypt.
But what a shock when someone said my buttresses had slipped.
Oh! it's not all beer and boar's head
Being a Castle.

When the nation goes to war, it seems,
I always bear the brunt.
Now I'm sheltering the Home Guard
With wet sandbags round my front.
I'm all for this austerity
And freedom for posterity,
But bayonets in my buttery
Is not a funny stunt.

I'm an old Norman Castle,
And I've put up with a lot.
I've had about enough, I'm telling you.
Sergeants in my basements,
Nasty gun emplacements,
For now I'm being used as G.H.Q.
One Sunday night the General asked for several volunteers,
And when I heard the reason I was full of hopes and fears,
He wished to raise my drawbridge, which had not been up for years.
It's not so Fine and Dandy being a Castle.

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

TYRONE POWER AS DASHING BEN, IN "SON OF FURY."

South Sea idyll: TYRONE POWER and GENE TIERNEY as Ben and his island love, Eve.

Unscrupulous Sir Arthur Blake (GEORGE SANDERS) hands over his young nephew Ben (RODDY McDOWALL) to do menial work in the stables.

Bristol Isabel (ELSA LANCHESTER) takes pity on the fugitive Ben and promises to help him to escape from England.

"SON OF FURY," new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, was due to begin its run at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on Sunday last, July 12. It's an adventure story, set in England and the Tropics in the late eighteenth century, with Tyrone Power as hero, Benjamin Blake. Ben is ousted from his inheritance by an unscrupulous uncle, and escapes to the South Seas, where he makes a fortune and falls in love. He returns to England, and after further adventures gets the better of his uncle.

A dive into adventure: Ben plunges into Bristol Harbour and swims out to stow away on board a boat bound for the Tropics.

Ben and his villainous uncle, Sir Arthur Blake, in one of the sequences of the dramatic picture.

Ben declares his love for his beautiful cousin Isabel Blake: TYRONE POWER and FRANCES FARMER.

THE LAUGHTON LOOK.

CHARLES LAUGHTON *has the whale of a part in his new picture,* "**THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI.**" *He's Jonas Tuttle, head of an improvident family who lead a carefree beachcombing existence, and refuse to be worried by anything. Their finances are somewhat confused, as at moments their only asset is one game-cock, but they are intrepid gamblers and never let anything get them down! Their adventures make a hilarious RKO Radio picture.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE MANY AND THE FEW" is an all-embracing title; one can hardly think of any aspect of human relations which could not be included in it. And the book's sub-title, "Culture and Destiny," is, if anything, still more comprehensive. How, we ask ourselves, is Mr. Paul Bloomfield going to attack this vast subject in a slim volume of 170 not-too-crowded pages? By adopting a theory, one supposes, and driving it, like a royal road, through the intricacies of his theme, ignoring on either side the immense jungles of facts and opinions which are hostile or unhelpful to his thesis. Only so, surely, only by some ruthless simplification, will he be able to condense into such a short treatise a subject the literature of which, accumulating through the ages, has filled libraries.

He has a theory, of course, but the remarkable thing is that instead of being jealously selective and exclusive, it nourishes itself on scores of other minds, not all of them congenial to the author's; it is friendly and welcoming and ready to turn aside to meet a difficulty. The course of Mr. Bloomfield's argument is more like a river than a road; supple and sinuous, it winds through his subject, receiving the tribute of a thousand other springs, yet always preserving its identity.

Society and the Artist. We all know who "the Many" are: they need no definition. "The Few" are artists, poets, philosophers: and the question is, What should their function be in the post-war world? Should they try to identify themselves with society, or remain outside it? Should they let themselves be agents and spokesmen of the State, should they mix themselves up with politics, or should they stand aside, fostering in themselves and others such seeds of individuality as the levelling process of a World War has not crushed? In totalitarian countries, where Society and the State are the same thing, the artist takes his orders from the central authority, just like everyone else. Is it to be so with us?

Mr. Bloomfield hopes not. His idea is that the artist, the man of sensibility, the "aristocrat without apparatus," should influence society rather than be influenced by it; he should keep alive in the Many the elements of good nature and good will which, he maintains, they still possess, in spite of the efforts of Governments to root them out. The Golden Age, once regarded as a myth, is now held by some anthropologists to have actually existed; it is not a fabulous state of being, and the mission of the Few is to help the Many to return to it. Before this can be achieved there will have to be a modification in the nature of man, signified by the emergence of what Mr. Bloomfield calls, rather vaguely, "a Certain Kind of Person"—the kind of person with a sufficient endowment of good will to be able to live in harmony with his fellows. The process will be gradual, for though "the State can be revolutionised by a *coup d'état*, society can not."

The "Aristocrat Without Apparatus." Such, in outline, is Mr. Bloomfield's theory of how the Few may hope to bring salvation to the Many, and make the levelling process, which most prophets foretell, a levelling-up instead of a levelling-down. But a mere outline, besides possibly misrepresenting Mr. Bloomfield's ideas, gives no impression of the charm and persuasiveness with which they are presented. These qualities he owes partly to the informality and intimacy of his style—the book reads like a letter to a friend and might seem to be improvised, were not the improvisation so full of art. Then there is the vast apparatus of culture he carries with him and whose treasures he spills on every page, but so casually, with so little *empressement*, that the most envious reader cannot resent this demonstration of wide reading and retentive memory. Moreover, he always provides a setting worthy of these borrowed jewels. But perhaps the most striking feature of this very memorable and important little book is the temper in which it is written, the exquisitely conciliatory controversial manner that avoids bitterness and seems to show that, at any rate, one representative "aristocrat without apparatus" is already with us.

The Accident of Birth. The heroine of Miss Ruth Feiner's story, Renate Feldt, had but little German blood in her veins—her father came from the Ukraine, her mother's family was part-Swedish, part-Latvian—but she had the misfortune to be born in Hamburg, and her father the misfortune to be born a Jew. Most, but not quite all, of Renate's sorrows came from these two facts. Early in the Hitler régime her father, who had been decorated with the Iron Cross in the war of 1914, was murdered by the Nazis as a pacifist and a Jew; and his daughter, who had never cared much for her native land, now conceived for it a burning hatred. This she took with her to England; but she could not persuade her relations and friends there that the Nazi movement had any importance outside Germany. "Oh, it's just an internal affair," they airily assured her. For several years she had the mortification of hearing her warnings set aside, and then, when the war came, the additional vexation of being debarred, as an alien, from doing anything to help her adopted country.

Destiny and Character. All this was in her destiny, and she could not evade it. Circumstances made her "a young woman of Europe" and an eloquent mouthpiece of anti-Nazi propaganda. But Miss Feiner has not created her solely to be a mouthpiece; she is a young woman as well as a young woman of Europe, a young woman whose rebellious, uncompromising nature made her path even more difficult than it need have been. Renate's emotional life centres round the young lawyer, David Hartmann, married, charming and feckless—so feckless that he hardly realised in what danger he stood, until Renate, at great personal expense and risk, got him out of it. Twice she rescued him, or was instrumental in doing so; and at last, safe in England, he realised what he owed to her, and his nature, strengthened by his experiences, clamoured to repay the debt. It is at this point that Miss Feiner shows herself a novelist of subtlety. Now that the goal is in sight, Renate drops out of the race. Her desire for David perishes from the effort of bringing about its fulfilment. The introduction of an attractive young American who helped her off with the old love is perhaps less subtle, yet it has the psychological justification of showing that Renate's nature had other attributes besides loyalty and will power. To be seen always in the light of a grievance, however legitimate that grievance, is unbecoming to anyone. The protagonist of every "refugee" novel has to battle with this handicap; that Renate comes out of the ordeal so well is a tribute to the qualities she possessed over and above the inevitable one of being a victim.

A Group of Noble Dames. Miss Edith Sitwell has a dashing pen and an eye that sees any person or object, however familiar, from a new angle. Reading her is always an adventure; the stream flows calmly for a time: then come the rapids, and we are gloriously, vertiginously knocked about. Her "English Women" (another volume in the Britain in Pictures series) exhibits yet again that triumphant fusion of art and temperament which is her and her brothers' special gift. The subject might be thought not to suit her, for each of these volumes is, in intention, an appreciation, and Miss Sitwell's spirit, one of the freest of the day, would hardly brook the dictation of a mood. Nor does it; her mood remains her own.

Finding in Englishwomen "a flowering of character as remarkable in early times as now," and, where genius is present, "a genius of *temper*, using that word in the sense in which we speak of steel having a fine temper," she chooses representatives from among the blossoms and the blades, sometimes testing the latter with a touch of their own steel. One would not expect her to be continuously reverent towards her heroines, and she is not. Of Jane Welsh Carlyle she says: "Henceforth she had two tasks in life. The first was thinking about herself; and this duty, self-imposed, was congenial to her, though not to Carlyle. The second was thinking about Carlyle, and this task, imposed by Carlyle, seemed to her less agreeable. She could not believe that she was ever at fault." Miss Sitwell's occasional strictures are too just to be malicious; they are winged and barbed by that delicious humour whose only predictable quality is unexpectedness; without them her praise would be less telling and spontaneous than it is.

Many Motives. All too often an unusual title is the prelude to a commonplace story, but "Diabolic Candelabra" retains its distinctive flavour nearly to the end. Now and then Mr. Punshon stoops to the well-worn conventions of detective fiction—he makes his hero walk virtually unarmed into obvious peril—but some of the clues and nearly all the characters are so interesting and uncommon that they carry the reader lightly over one or two nasty hurdles in the plot. In the far-off days before the war a flavouring for chocolates might have seemed an inadequate motive for murder, but now that our appetites are whetted by deprivation and our moral sense confused by propaganda it seems cogent enough.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Many and the Few; or, Culture and Destiny. By Paul Bloomfield. (*Routledge; 7s. 6d.*)
Young Woman of Europe. By Ruth Feiner. (*Dakers; 9s. 6d.*)
English Women. By Edith Sitwell. Britain in Pictures Series. (*Collins; 3s. 6d.*)
Diabolic Candelabra. By E. R. Punshon. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)

POMMES DE TERRE À L'AMÉRICAINE.

4 large potatoes.	½ lb. of cheese.
2 eggs.	1 dessertspoonful of flour.
4 oz. of margarine.	
Salt.	1 pint of stock.

Peel the potatoes, cut them in half lengthwise, and scoop out the centre, leaving a wall of about half-an-inch thick. Put the cheese through the mincer, beat it until it forms a smooth paste, and then add two eggs, a pinch of salt and the flour. Stir well together and fill the potatoes with the mixture. Place them in a fireproof dish, with the melted margarine, and leave for about three-quarters of an hour, or until the potatoes are tender, in a medium oven. Baste them with the hot stock (Oxo) every ten minutes and serve very hot.

. rry realises that he can get both rings out of pawn if he accepts Maggie's o. .er : *Cornelia* (DORIS ROGERS), *Nancy* (MAIDIE ANDREWS), *Jerry* (BOBBIE HOWES) *and Maggie* (JOYCE BARBOUR) *(l. to r.).*

Gay party in progress, with Frankie (KEITH DEVON), *Muriel* (PHYLLIS THACKERAY), *Jerry* (BOBBIE HOWES) *and Jean* (CHARMIAN INNES) *giving one of their musical numbers.*

U.S. SHOW FOR US: "LET'S FACE IT," WITH COLE PORTER MUSIC.

". ET'S FACE IT," recently pro- . duced at Manchester, and due . week at the Empire, Liverpool, is .American musical comedy with music . lyrics by Cole Porter. The story 's .cerned with the retaliation planned . three neglected wives. They contact . ee lonely soldiers from among the . 000 boys in Camp Roosevelt and . n a gay week-end. Naturally, their . ring husbands, with three sirens in . , turn up, and equally naturally . re 's a charming Service girl, Winnie, . o 's in love with Jerry, one of the . ys. Plenty of melody, good fun . d lively dancing make the show a lively affair.

Jerry (BOBBIE HOWES; *right*) *endeavouring to stop Eddie* (LEIGH STAFFORD) *and Frankie* (KEITH DEVON; *left*) *from discussing their week-end plans in front of puzzled Winnie* (PAT KIRKWOOD).

Ensemble dance, "Rub Your Lamp," with the chorus in action. The book of "Let's Face It" is by Dorothy and Herbert Fields, with music and lyrics by Cole Porter.

Maggie Watson makes her offer of one hundred dollars for Jerry's help over the week-end, while her friends Cornelia and Nancy anxiously await his reply.

MURDERERS' ROW.

IV.—MURDER OF A PUBLISHER.* By WINIFRED DUKE.

MR. WHATT-JONES was the head and sole surviving partner of the publishing house of Byrne and Bunmore. They traded on their name, and a very good name it was too. Authors of discreet travel-books, men and women accustomed to shining in society during the golden ages of Victoria and Edward VII., who wrote graceful, harmless reminiscences of the famous people and places they remembered, all brought acceptable work to Byrne and Bunmore. The only thing Mr. Whatt-Jones published which might conceivably have been frowned upon by the original founders of the firm was an occasional volume dealing with some celebrated trial of the past hundred years.

Mr. Whatt-Jones delighted whole-heartedly in this project. He left the biographies and travel-books mostly to his readers and managing director, but none of these was permitted to lay an interfering hand over Mr. Whatt-Jones's records of murderers, forgers, traitors, and other criminals. He himself supervised each volume, wrote the introduction, and allowed nothing libellous, scandalous or really indiscreet to appear. Occasionally the relatives of a condemned and executed criminal endeavoured to prevent their erring kinsman's misdeeds from being brought afresh to the public notice, but Mr. Whatt-Jones seldom permitted sentiment to interfere with his hobby.

The business premises of Byrne and Bunmore stood atan abrupt and windy corner of a steep street. The would-be author or business caller entering the firm's office would find himself in a spacious outer chamber, containing no more than a large table, set out with a few of the firm's recent publications, a smaller table holding a typewriter, and two glass-framed compartments containing desks for the use of Byrne and Bunmore's employees. One of these would at once come forward to ascertain the customer's requirements, and not infrequently ushered him straight into the inner chamber housing Mr. Whatt-Jones. His room was at the back of the outer office, approached by a long passage, with one steep step just at the door. Mr. Whatt-Jones constantly abused the said step, notably when nervous or short-sighted clients tripped over or fell down it, but there it remained.

On the day which witnessed Mr. Whatt-Jones's signing of his last cheque, the final blue-pencilling of the introduction to the trial of Henry Wheatfield for the poisoning of his first wife, and the selection of a suitable frontispiece to adorn the volume, Mr. Whatt-Jones received several morning callers. Then he went in quest of lunch, and, returning at two o'clock, was informed that a lady waited to see him. Mr. Whatt-Jones never locked his door when he happened to be out, or troubled to put away the outward evidences of his activities in the compilation of criminals' records. Great, therefore, was his wrath on entering his private apartment to find a buxom, overdressed, not particularly young woman, lolling, with crossed legs, amid a haze of cigarette-smoke, in his particular chair, before his personal desk. In a fleshy hand adorned with fine rings she held the proof of the introduction to the Wheatfield trial which he had left lying on the blotter.

"Are you Whatt-Jones?" The lady, one predatory hand over the proof, lowered her cigarette with the other.

"Yes, Madam. At your service." Mr. Whatt-Jones swallowed hard. For two pins he'd sack his staff, notably the congenital idiot who had let loose this Jezebel in here amongst his private papers. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm Mrs. Mervyn-Bullock. That doesn't tell you much. I'd better explain who I was before I married Patrick Mervyn-Bullock. You're publishing the trial of Henry Wheatfield, aren't you?"

"I propose to do so. Did you—er—call to ascertain the date of publication with a view to placing an order for a copy?"

"Not me! Had enough of Henry and his trial to last me a lifetime. I was his second wife before I married Patrick."

Mr. Whatt-Jones sat down, looking thoughtful. If she wanted him to withdraw the volume from publication she'd come to the wrong shop.

"Oh, you can publish the old trial as fast as you like. I'd nothing to do with it, you might say. No; what I'm here for is to get your promise that you won't put in any photograph of me. Have you got one?"

Her tone was sharp. Mr. Whatt-Jones remained silent. He was not minded to reveal that the destined frontispiece to the volume was a rare portrait of Henry Wheatfield—reputed to be the only copy in existence—with his arm round the waist of his second spouse. Directly he came into the room he had been reminded of someone, and now he realised of whom. Swiftly he pieced together his recollection of her part in the case, aided by a recent perusal of the documents containing the facts. Henry Wheatfield, a country squire, married to a wealthy, childless wife, had been an ardent fisherman and accustomed to go for week-ends to a little hotel some fifteen miles from his home to fish a famous trout-stream. The hotel was kept by a Mrs. Mason and her daughter Phyllis, now the buxom person serenely occupying Mr. Whatt-Jones's special seat. Henry Wheatfield's first wife had died suddenly, leaving him her money, and a few months afterwards the bereaved widower, departing ostensibly to fish, had reappeared to introduce to county society the second Mrs. Wheatfield, formerly Miss Phyllis Mason. The pair found themselves coldly received, and a first-class scandal, slowly simmering for some time, ended in the exhumation of the first wife's body, the discovery of arsenic in the organs, and the subsequent trial, condemnation and execution of Henry Wheatfield, protesting his innocence to the last. There had been no suspicion that his second wife was privy to, or accomplice in, his crime, but she had found it expedient to vanish quietly after her sudden widowhood. Now, apparently, she had consoled herself and was enjoying an Indian summer as Mrs. Patrick Mervyn-Bullock. Mr. Whatt-Jones continued to look extremely thoughtful.

"I believe you've got a photograph." She was staring hard at him. "Is it one of Henry with his arm round my waist?"

Mr. Whatt-Jones coldly confirmed the lady's surmise and intimated that the general public were to be favoured with a reproduction of the couple's likeness as frontispiece to the volume dealing with the husband's trial.

"I call it a howling shame!" burst out Mrs. Mervyn-Bullock. "Here am I, married again, and shut of the whole thing, and you go and dig it all up. I'll be ruined. Somebody'll spot that beastly photo. for a certainty. Patrick's *most* particular, and if he thought he'd married the widow of a poisoner——"

"Doesn't he know?"

"Not he! Do you suppose I'd be here, kicking up this fuss, if he did? After the trial Henry's first wife's people paid me to go out to Canada and keep quiet. I was running a small hotel, doing well too, when I met Patrick, and we made a match of it. He'd hardly a bean, but he was blue-blooded if you like. We were as happy as clams until six months ago, when Patrick came in for a big property in England and yanked me home. Everything was on velvet till I read about your publishing Henry's trial, and first thing I knew there'd be photos. Now, what'll you take to give me that one?"

"I am not open to bribery, Madam."

"Not money—no—but information. Eh?"

Mr. Whatt-Jones's eyes goggled. "You mean about——?"

"Henry. There was always a sort of doubt, for all he swung for it. They couldn't prove how he got hold of arsenic. Well, I can tell you the whole thing, and I will, if you'll hand me over that photograph."

In spite of himself Mr. Whatt-Jones wavered. The case, to his mind, presented certain perplexing features touching Henry Wheatfield's guilt. How intriguing to have these explained! Probably the husband had revealed everything to his second wife. He had plenty of other photographs of people associated with the Wheatfield case, and for value received was willing to substitute one of these as frontispiece in place of the picture of Henry and the present Mrs. Mervyn-Bullock. Slowly he intimated capitulation. If she liked to come to the office that evening about nine o'clock they would be entirely alone and might strike a bargain. The lady replied effusively.

The outer office was dark when Mr. Whatt-Jones admitted his visitor that night, and after bolting and barring the street door ushered her into his own sanctum. A wet evening had rendered the neighbourhood deserted, and a sinister silence pervaded the building. Mrs. Mervyn-Bullock, depositing her dripping umbrella (a large, unladylike one, with a heavy, gentlemanly knob) in one corner, stated that she was prepared to proceed to business. "I want to see that photo. first," she announced.

Mr. Whatt-Jones unlocked a safe and allowed her a tantalising glimpse of the treasure. As he stooped, his back to her, suddenly she swung up the umbrella and with the top hit him a smart blow on the head. Mr. Whatt-Jones crumpled up and collapsed sideways. Mrs. Mervyn-Bullock seized the photograph out of the open safe and darted for the door. In the darkness and her panic hurry she missed the step just outside it. She tripped; fell headlong, and knew herself in an empty building, her ankle badly sprained, and in the room behind her that which there was no explaining away when the office should be entered in the morning.

She could never crawl unaided down the passage, through the outer premises, and unfasten that locked, barred and bolted street door. She whimpered a little, less from the pain of her injuries than to think how differently matters had turned out from what she had planned. Judging from the silence, she must have struck harder than she intended. Her aim had been to stun Mr. Whatt-Jones and escape into oblivion with that damning photograph. She had told the truth, with the exception of her real name, which was not Mervyn-Bullock, but she was certainly never proposing to tell the real truth about Henry Wheatfield's crime. Henry was perfectly silly over his first wife. He seldom returned from fishing without taking her back something—new-laid eggs, ripe strawberries, or a jar of honey, all procurable at the Masons' inn. There was arsenic for the rats, and Phyllis Mason had found it perfectly easy to insert a certain quantity in the honey on one occasion. Henry never touched honey. There wasn't any risk. By the time they'd exhumed the body the jar had long been thrown away, and months before that she'd persuaded Henry, broken-hearted and bewildered, to marry her.

In falling she had struck her head. As she slid into merciful unconsciousness her last coherent thought was that Henry Wheatfield, hanged for a crime which he had never committed, would soon be amply avenged. [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Until then . . .

Weddings without bells. Cake without icing. But good wishes are unlimited and unrationed. And who minds if we must do without sugar and spice and all things nice — among the latter, of course, new Ford cars — when ultimately our denials will bring a victorious peace, and plenty for everyone. Until then, Ford Dealers' Service Facilities are helping conserve petrol by making essential car running more economical and keeping Britain's transport efficient for the national task.

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

AUSTERITY FASHIONS

FELT HATS

TAILORED SUITS

WOMEN in general are thinking of autumn, especially where hats are concerned. Already those of felt may be seen in many of the shops: they are simple, practical and becoming. Those pictured on this page are from the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The one portrayed at the top on the left is of the Toreador character and is available in black and pastel shades. The one facing it is reminiscent of the Postillion, an important feature being the felt rosette. The one in the centre is of a noncommittal character, and there are few women whom it would not suit. It is, of course, available with or without a quill.

GO where you will, the subject of Austerity Fashions is being discussed. They are carried out in accordance with the requirements of the Board of Trade: all extravagant ideas are eliminated, great care being exercised to avoid waste of material. Nevertheless, they are so well cut and finished that every woman will be pleased to wear them. They must not be confounded with Utility Fashions. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, will be pleased to explain the difference, showing the individual garments. Of course, until present stocks are exhausted there are a limited number of fashions which the Board of Trade allows to be sold.

THE tailored Austerity suit on the right has made its début under the ægis of Peter Robinson, and is carried out in suiting in a variety of colours and sizes, and may be regarded as representative of the collection. It will be seen that the lines are excellent, and the high lapels are becoming and so are the padded shoulders: the skirt must be carefully studied. Here are likewise to be seen slack outfits which consist of slacks and flannel shirt, some being accompanied with a well-tailored check jacket. Neither must it be overlooked that the Austerity autumn wrap-coats are very attractive and have a slimming effect.

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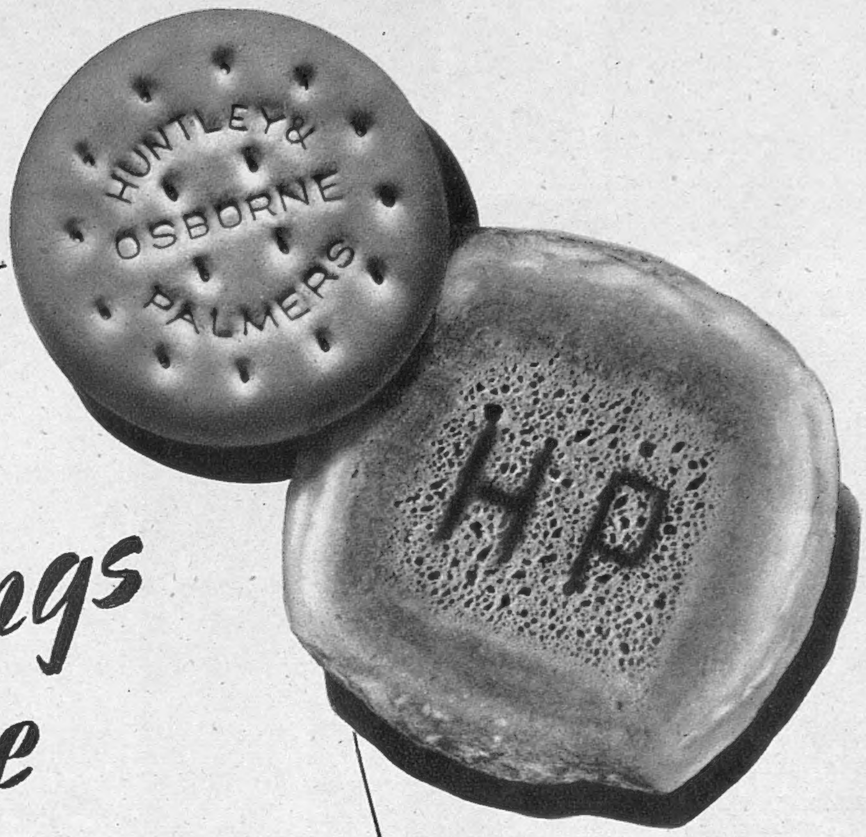

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